

PEOPLE & THINGS

"ENTIRELY familiar with the main currents of literature and history, he was especially attracted by their remoter pools and eddies," wrote Lord Asquith of Bishopstone of his father, and, as diligent readers of *THE SUNDAY TIMES* will agree, the same could be said of Cyril Asquith.

Once, in a letter to the Editor on some particularly thorny problem, he enclosed a covering note confessing his own ignorance and adding "I now apply to the final court of appeal—the erudition of your readers."

He was not disappointed.

Cyril Asquith shared the exaggerated family reserve that existed between the four elder brothers, which he describes as "an unwritten taboo against emotional demonstrativeness even of the mildest order."

When, like his father and his brilliant brother, Raymond, he won the top scholarship at Balliol, he received this first and only letter from Raymond:

Dear Cyril:

Fancy you being as clever as—
Raymond.

Cyril Asquith comments: "This communication, unsullied by any mawkish effusion, left the austerity of our relations intact."

Our Secret Guest

IT is over a month since Andrzej Panufnik, Poland's leading composer and conductor, decided to leave his country and seek political—or, rather, cultural—asylum in Britain, and he is now living quietly in a flat in Belgravia, making plans for his future.

Panufnik refuses to let himself be used as an instrument of anti-Communist propaganda, having had quite enough of being obliged to serve as an advertisement for Communism in his own country, and he has declined several invitations to speak on Western propaganda radio services. But his brave decision to leave Poland (and his

By ATTICUS

good fortune in being able to arrange it) represents a damaging blow to Communist culture.

Autumn Debut

PANUFNIK conducted some of his own works in London on two occasions shortly after the war, but his name and work are comparatively unknown here, save by a few specialists in contemporary music. However, London concertgoers will be able to see him in action at the Albert Hall in October, where he will conduct a



concert in which the soloist will be his compatriot and great personal friend Malcuzyński.

Leading American impresarios have approached him with several tempting offers to conduct concerts this winter in the United States. But Panufnik tells me he is in no hurry to visit America. He is fond of London, regards it as the world's musical centre, and hopes to make his home here permanently.

Refugee

A PORTRAIT of Mr. Colin Tennant by Lucian Freud will be in this brilliant young artist's autumn exhibition and some of the final sittings took place in London last week.

Yesterday Mr. Tennant left London by air for a three weeks' holiday in Europe after which he will return to continue his career with C. Tennant & Sons, the family merchant bank.

I have nothing but admiration for the way this young man is facing up with fortitude and good humour to the blaze of unfounded and in large part vulgar publicity to which he, like other young friends of Princess Margaret in the past, has been subjected.

Topic B

AN American friend of mine, while admitting the harsh reality of this year's rainfall statistics, maintains that we have a masochistic delight in our bad weather and that this perversity is pandered to by our meteorologists.

the wording of whose forecasts, he says, is invariably pessimistic.

He argues that we could immediately improve our weather by changing the phrase "Cloudy, with bright intervals" to the more optimistic "Bright, with cloudy intervals," and he suggests a general overhaul of our meteorological clichés along more cheerful lines.

Last year in America they did in fact brush up the forecasters' lingo in this fashion, and my friend insists that the weather in the United States immediately improved.

Dali v. Woodward

IF you are bold enough to commission a portrait of yourself by a surrealist artist, and if you can find no fault with the quality of the paint and the canvas. It is very difficult to avoid paying the bill however startling or displeasing the arrangement of your features. I shall, therefore, be surprised if Mr. Salvador Dali fails to extract from the beautiful Mrs. Ann Woodward the £2,500 she objects to paying him for a portrait which her lawyer argues bears no resemblance to the sitter.

But I can well believe that she will adhere to her decision to throw the picture in the river if the case now before the New York State Supreme Court goes against her. She is as decisive and high-spirited as her husband, Bill Woodward, who succeeded his father last year as owner of the famous Belair Stud which has had so many winners in England.

They are one of the most attractive young couples in America and are certain to be as popular here (except, perhaps amongst surrealist artists) as were his father and mother.

The Cloth of Green

THE remarkable cricket match between Surrey and Worcestershire at the Oval last week, in which all manner of records and personal accomplishments were achieved, has brought another performance of great distinction within the grasp of Stuart Surridge, Surrey's captain.

If, as I anticipate, he is captain again next season and if Surrey again win the title, he will equal the record of Shaw (Notts, 1883-86), who is so far the only man to have led a championship side in his first four seasons as captain. The only other player to have captained a team in four consecutive championship seasons is A. B. Sellers, but his sequence was split by the war.

Four men have captained counties winning three successive championships—Shuter (Surrey) 1890-92, Lord Hawke (Yorkshire) 1900-02, Wilson (Yorkshire) 1922-24 and Green (Lancashire) 1926-28.

From the Files

A CROTCHEY tippler failed to get immediate service in his club.

When the waiter finally arrived he bellowed: "Have you the faintest idea who I am?"

"No, sir," said the newly recruited waiter, "but you sit right where you are and I'll find out for you."